

**ISENBURG'S**  
50-54 CANNON ST. Model Food Market Next to Howlands

**YOUR CHOICE**  
HADDOCK.....10c  
WEAKFISH.....10c  
YELLOWFIN.....10c

**5c lb.**

LONG ISLAND EELS.....2 lbs for 25c  
HAMBURG STEAKS (No Frozen Stock).....10c and 12 1/2c lb  
FANCY STEAK COD.....10c lb  
HARBOR EELS.....7c lb, 3 lbs 20c  
BLOATER MACKEREL.....25c each

Large Blofish, Salmon, extra large Bloater Mackerel, Eels, Flatfish, Porgies, Live and Boiled Lobsters, Soft Crabs, Long, Round and Little Neck Clams, open and in the shell.

## Sterling Silverware

for the June bride. We take great pleasure in directing the attention of lovers of fine silver to the Hepplewhite pattern, made by Reed & Barton, for which we are the selling agents in Bridgeport. This is one of the latest productions and is characterized by a simplicity and grace in delightful harmony with the present Colonial Renaissance. We have in stock fancy pieces as well as the staple articles, and will be pleased to show all intending purchasers.

**G. W. Fairchild & Sons,**

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS, OPTICIANS.  
The Lowest Priced House in Connecticut for Fine Goods  
907 MAIN STREET, AND ARCADE. BRIDGEPORT, CT.  
Established 1865 "AT THE SIGN OF THE CHIMES."

**Lee Bros**  
FURNITURE CO.

Cor. Main and Golden Hill Streets

## REAL VALUES IN RUGS

VALUES ARE SIMPLY CROWDED IN THE PRICE LIST PRESENTED BELOW. READ IT CAREFULLY:

Tapestry Brussels Rugs, 8-10-12	12.48
Tapestry Brussels Rugs, 8-10-12	8.50
Tapestry Brussels Rugs, 8-10-12	11.00
Amsterdams Rugs, 8-10-12	16.00
Amsterdams Rugs, 8-10-12	20.00
Baby Brussels Rugs, 8-10-12	25.00
Wilton Velvet Rugs, 8-10-12	25.00
500 Sample Amsterdams Rugs, size 27-60	1.50
1,000 Wool Smyrna Rugs, 30x60	1.48
500 Velvet Rugs, 27x54	1.39

**NEW BUTTER**  
New Made Spring Butter, fresh from the churn  
28c PER POUND  
**THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY, 130 State St.**  
Telephone—GEO. A. ROBERTSON—589

## FAIRFIELD

Heaphy-Haney Wedding — A Tea Cup Sale — Musical at Mr. Sturges' — Fire Company Meeting — Personal Notes.

There was a large and very pretty wedding at 10 o'clock this forenoon at St. Thomas' church, when Rev. Father Coleman united in marriage Miss Anna Louise Heaney of Southport to Mr. William J. Heaphy of Bridgeport. The bride was given away by her father, who wore a rich and beautiful white satin robe, demi train, suitable for a morning wedding, and a picture hat rich with white ostrich plumes. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary E. Heaney, as bridesmaid, who was gowned in pink silk with an over dress of hand embroidered lace. The church was decorated with pink and white flowers and palms. The ushers were John and George Heaphy, brothers of the groom, and James and Bartholomew Bennett, cousins of the bride. The best man was Alexander Heaphy, brother of the groom. A large number of invitations to the church were issued, including all the people in town who attend St. Thomas', and many friends who are not members of that church. There were no invitations to the house, and there was no reception at the Heaney residence in Southport, a wedding breakfast being served to the members of the immediate families. The house was decorated with pink and white flowers. There was a large array of presents, including silver, cut glass, furniture, linen, a set of Haviland and other china, some of which was hand painted, and a very substantial check from the father of the bride. Mrs. Heaphy wore upon going away on her bridal tour a pretty costume of blue material. The bridal party left home in an automobile and it is strongly suspected they went to New York. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Heaphy will live at 40 Park Terrace, near Seaside park, Bridgeport, where the groom has a house all furnished waiting to be occupied. The music at the church during the wedding was provided by the choir of the Sacred Heart church of Bridgeport. Miss Mary Daily presiding at the organ and Margaret Cunningham rendering a solo.

dence of Miss Kippen on Broad street. The small admission includes a cup of tea, home made cake, and a cup and saucer. There will also be home made candy for sale.

The regular monthly meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the residence of Mr. Henry C. Sturges, and took the form of a musical. Mrs. Dr. Frank S. Child, the regent, was able to preside, for the first time in some months. The music was provided by Mrs. William Hulse who sang four times by Miss Smith of Westport, who sings in the same choir with Mrs. Hulse, who sang three times, and by Miss Sturges, who gave three piano selections. An elaborate luncheon was served, after which the ladies were invited to inspect Mr. Sturges' extensive gardens and hot houses. As the day was lovely, they enjoyed the walk among the flowers and well kept lawns, and were delighted with the extensive collection of rare green house plants. The following ladies were present: Mrs. H. S. Glover and Mrs. William E. Glover, Miss Amelia Wheeler, Mrs. Edward Harrall of Bridgeport, Mrs. Wallace M. Bulkeley, Mrs. Frederick A. and Mrs. William O. Burr, Mrs. C. P. Jennings, Mrs. Conrad Buckingham, Mrs. A. B. Huntington, Miss Emma F. Wakeman, Miss Mary B. Kippen, Miss Josephine and Emma Brown, Miss Louis Burr, Miss A. C. Morehouse, Mrs. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Oliver Turney, and many others. The Sturges residence was profusely decorated with roses.

Miss Clapp, sister of Mrs. Brewer, is on the sick list.

Mr. O. G. Jennings and family returned to the big house on the hill on Tuesday.

Mrs. H. S. Glover spent yesterday in New York.

The Fairfield Fire Company met on Tuesday at the fire house and listened to a report from Mr. Pickett, regarding the proposition to purchase an Ajax chemical engine. He reported progress, and said several gentlemen had signified their willingness to contribute to the fund for the purpose indicated. It is hoped the company may have one of the engines to exhibit to the public by the 4th of July, testing it and showing what it can do.

The recent concert of the Yale students realized some \$35 for the benefit of Hope Chapel.

Mr. A. J. Benway is on the sick list.

Mrs. John T. Farley is having a portion of her house decorated by A. J. Benway & Co.

Thomas Gray has returned to his old position with Mr. Wyrzten, the grocer.

The Stars will play the Alliance Club at Black Rock at McGarry's grounds on Sunday next. These two teams are evenly matched and no doubt the game will be an exciting one.

# The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** and **HARRY LEON WILSON**

(Continued.)

"Well, I can call a person cap or doc or colonel, but I don't just know how to use the words you have over here for those things. I don't mean any disrespect. Just let me run on in my own way. Jim says your brother-in-law was in business in Russia!" he stopped suddenly, for an idea had occurred to him—"in business in Russia!" he repeated dazedly. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Since some of your officials have been sprung," Lady Creech began, but he interrupted.

"Never mind. He was in business in Russia. I don't say he was peddling shoestrings or wieners!" she screamed. "He was probably—he stopped a moment and looked at her.



"Have you ever heard of the name of—Glenwood?" he asked quickly.

"He did not have contracts with the government for hydraulic machinery, I suppose?" he asked tensely. The old woman tossed her head.

"Even if he did, he protected the historic name," she replied proudly.

"I believe you!" said Daniel fervently.

"Have you ever heard the name of—Glenwood?" he asked quickly.

"Is your mind wandering?" asked Lady Creech. "Glenwood Priory is the name of the property Hawcastle inherited from his mother. Can you state its connection with the subject?"

Daniel almost staggered with the thought—the knowledge that came to him. He looked up.

"That's how he protected it," he said. "He took the name of—Glenwood. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform! Lady Creech, tell your brother-in-law he can have his answer here—in ten minutes!"

As she swept from the room in dignified amazement Pike sank into a chair for a moment and fairly glowed with eagerness.

## CHAPTER XVI

A WHISPER OF VENGEANCE.

THE moment Lady Creech had gone Daniel smiled broadly for the first time since he had set eyes upon Ivanoff. He could see his way clear now to the thorough accomplishment of his mission, and he mentally thanked heaven for putting into his hands such a weapon as the Russian fugitive.

"Glenwood, eh? And he protected the historic name of St. Aubyn, that noble earl; protected it on the surface while he dragged it in the mire of another man's disgrace and humiliation in private. He was a sweet lot, that noble earl! He carried himself high, and his keen eye lost no whit of its dignity and importance from that conscience that must be uneasy within his breast."

And the woman, too, "Helene," Ivanoff had called her. So they had stuck together all those ten years, with Lady Creech as a most complaisant and discreet chaperon—but that couldn't be, for, whatever else Lady Creech might be, worldly wise and haughty, she was at least an English gentlewoman at heart, and she would have starved rather than connive at a scandal of that sort.

No, Daniel reflected, he would have to leave Lady Creech out of the mess, even though she was a bitter old dame. But Hawcastle should feel the touch of the iron. It should burn him deeply, and the scar would remain.

And the fair countess, who was angling for that addled pated Horace and his share of the estate! That woman, who had deliberately sent a good man to what was worse than death, should he have any pity for her? Not for a single instant.

He leaped up and hastily crossed the room to the writing desk, scribbled a note and before he put it in the envelope, rang the bell.

As he sealed the note Mariano tapped discreetly at the door, and Pike called:

"Come in!"

"Look here, Mariano, I want you to take this note to Miss Simpson," he said quickly.

"To Miss Granger-Seemson?" asked the man deferentially.

"Yes. Do you know where she is?"

"She walked upon the terrace alone, sir," replied Mariano.

"Then give it to her yourself—to no one else—and do it now!" he went on emphatically, pushing the servant out of the door in his haste. When he had closed it he went to the door of the suit, threw it open and called:

"Ivanoff!"

Almost immediately the Russian came into the room, and Pike noted the suffering upon his face, the look of timid apprehension with which he glanced furtively about. For him

there was a carabinieri in every corner.

"Have they come?" he whispered tensely. Daniel went over to him and laid a hand upon the bent shoulder, looking him triumphantly in the eyes.

"Not yet," he answered, and paused. "Ivanoff, you prayed to see your wife



IVANOFF SAW NONE BUT HER.

and your friend Glenwood before you went back to Siberia."

The Russian tore himself away with a gasping cry, but Daniel caught his wrist.

"If that prayer is answered through me," he went on, "will you promise to remember that it's my fight?"

Ivanoff covered his face with his hands, and his breath came chokingly.

"It is impossible! You wish to play with me!" he gasped.

"Do I look playful?" demanded Daniel. And as he spoke a bugle sounded sharply outside the window off to the right. At the sound Ivanoff shrank into himself, and his fingers trembled in the other's grasp.

"The carabinieri—for me!" he cried.

Both men turned quickly to the window, and Pike thrust Ivanoff behind him as he drew aside the heavy curtain.

"Don't show yourself!" he commanded. But there was a smothered exclamation from the fugitive, and he pointed over Pike's shoulder.

"Look! Near the lamp yonder—there by the gates—the carabinieri!"

His arm trembled as it rested for an instant on the American's shoulder, and Pike returned quietly:

"Pouf! They've been there since we hid you beneath the machine." He stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand from the glare of the lamps inside the room, then started. "Why—who on earth—who's that they've got with 'em? Why, good Lord, it's doc!"

Ivanoff strained over his shoulder to look and then replied bitterly:

"It is Herr von Groellerhagen! Did I not tell you he was a Russian? He has betrayed me himself! He was not satisfied that others should. Ah, I knew I was in the wolf's throat here!"

Pike swore emphatically and exhaustively.

"Don't you believe it!" he snarled.

"They've arrested poor old doc! Got him as he went out!"

"No!" cried Ivanoff. "They speak respectfully to him! They bow to him!"

"They'll be bowing to us in a minute. That's probably the way these colonels run you in!" snarled Daniel.

As he spoke there was a sharp knock on the outer door, and he seized Ivanoff by the arm.

"Back into the room with you! Wait until I call, and remember it's my fight!"

He was about to add more when the door opened and Mariano appeared. Instantly the American changed his tone to one of severe command.

"And don't you forget what I've been telling you. You get the sand out of that gear box first thing tomorrow morning, or I'll see that you draw your last pay Saturday night!"

Ivanoff caught the idea and bowed silently and then turned and entered the door to the inner chamber. Mariano came forward and bowed.

"Mees Granger-Seemson," said he and went out, standing to one side to make room for Ethel as she entered with a look of complete astonishment on her face. Pike approached her.

"I'm much obliged to you for taking my note the right way," he said. "I've got some pretty good reasons for not

leaving this room."

She inclined her head feely and nodded with the note she held.

"Your note seemed so extraordinarily urgent," she began, but he interrupted.

"It had to be," he said. "Some folks who want to see me are coming here, and I want you to see them—here. They'd stopped you from coming if they could."

She flashed a look of disbelief at him.

"There was no effort to prevent me," she said coldly.

"I didn't give 'em time," he smiled.

"May I ask to whom you refer?" she inquired.

"Certainly. The whole kit and boodle of 'em," he replied. "Excuse me, I haven't time to be elegant, even if I knew how."

"Do you mean my chaperon would disapprove?" she asked, hastily rising.

"I shouldn't be surprised. I reckon the whole fine flower of Europe would disapprove. 'Disapprove!' They'd sand-bag you to keep you away!"

"Then I can't stay," she cried and started for the door. He stepped between her and the exit and raised his hand with a gesture of command.

"Yes, you can, and you will, and you've got to," he said. "I'm your

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 29 BURLINGAME STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE.**  
4 Doors Above Broad St.  
High class Furniture, Draperies and Novelties, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, Shades and Curtains in great variety.

All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England. Telephone 732-3

## SPALDING'S BASEBALL GOODS

are the best made and the most advertised goods in their line. For sale at the

Post Office News Store 11 Arcade

## FINE Wines and Liquors

**BRIDGEPORT DISTRIBUTING CO.,**

102 STATE STREET, NEAR PUBLIC MARKET  
California Port or Sherry, 75 cents per gallon.  
Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel, Rhine Wine, etc.  
Full quart Sherwood Rye Whiskey, \$1.00.  
Cooking Brandy, Liquors, Cordials, Ale and Lager Beer.  
Free Delivery. Telephone 264-3

## HANG OUT OUR ICE FLAG

and be sure that our green wagons leave the pure, clear, clean HYGIENIC ICE—then you take no chances. The water from which we make this ice is filtered and distilled before freezing. Could you suggest anything purer?

**THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.**

421 HOUSATONIC AVE. Telephone Down Town Office 154 FAIRFIELD AVE.

**IRA GREGORY & CO.,** Established 1847

Branch Office 972 Main Street Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

## WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING ABOUT THAT COAL ORDER

Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW  
**THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY**  
Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. YARD AND MAIN OFFICE  
30 Fairfield Avenue Telephone 2457 150 Housatonic Avenue

## COAL—and=WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, and RETAIL  
Telephone 481-6  
**BERKSHIRE MILLS.**

## Try Sprague's Extra

**ICE COAL WOOD**  
HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL  
**Sprague Ice & Coal Co.**  
East End East Washington Ave. Bridge  
Telephone 710

and you will be **SATISFIED**  
Good and Clean

**WHEELER & HOWES,**  
944 MAIN ST. East End Congress Street Bridge

Farmer Want Ads. 1c a word.